

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 623.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## AMERICAN TROUBLES.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, when in Richmond, Virginia, we sauntered up a cross street to see the auctions of negro slaves, men, women, and children, that had been advertised the previous day. The spectacle, as described in these pages at the time, was startling and painful. On turning away from the scene, we felt that the terrible blunder of rearing the negro races for sale, as farmers breed cattle and sheep, would some day bring its own punishment. Vengeance has fallen on the wrong-doers, and acutely. The introduction of negro slaves into the American colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence was bad enough, and let the blame of that be borne by England; but bad as it was, the crime or error—call it what we will—was nothing in comparison to the persistent effort of the States in augmenting the numbers of African slaves in the first place by importation, and subsequently by a legally recognised process of slave-breeding for the public market. It was a market of that kind we saw in 1853. The fact is undeniable, for in evidence we have the memorandum obligingly furnished and signed by a firm of slave-merchants, specifying the prices at which they could supply men, women, and boys according to age and capacity. Historically, a curious and valuable document that!

Though shocked at seeing these unfortunate objects of sale hauled about and handled like cattle, and detesting the whole system of traffic, we never fell in with the notion that mentally there was no difference between the black and white races. On this point, as we think, there has been a considerable confusion of ideas. Sentiment obscured the actual facts of the case. Not till after the war in which the whole of the slaves throughout the States were abruptly emancipated, and put on a political level with whites, did the subject receive proper consideration. North and South are now taking a more dispassionate view of the negro character. There is a growing feeling that both sides were in error, and out of that tardy conviction good may come.

We remember being told by a gentleman who had long had opportunities of coming to a correct judgment, that do as you will, educate as you will, the intellectual capacity of the negro, as more expressly viewed in relation to calculation and foresight, does not generally get much beyond that of an English boy fourteen years of age. There, he said, the negro brain is arrested. In other words, grown negroes are mentally so many boys—lively, impetuous, fond of frivolity and finery, with little care about the future, and satisfied on being allowed to gravitate into the position of cooks, or what will yield a sufficient degree of animal comfort. The view thus taken was, perhaps, too decisive; but to a certain extent it has been justified by experience. The negroes of Hayti have been their own masters for more than eighty years, and we all know what a poor figure they have cut in the nationalities of the world. Sentiment and scientific truth might come to a common understanding on the subject. The negro races have their niche in creation, and all we have to do is to find it out—not thrust them into niches for which they are visibly unfitted. The radical error was that of ever bringing them away from their own country, which was clearly their proper sphere.

These remarks occur to us from the perusal of a work called the *White Conquest*, by W. Hepworth Dixon, just issued from the press. A few years ago, Mr Dixon wrote a book on America, of which this is a kind of sequel. The style of the new production is too dramatic and oracular for our taste, but we leave that to the critics. There is material for thought, and that is the main consideration. From investigations on the spot, the object of the writer is apparently to shew that the people of the United States have got themselves into a somewhat awkward condition, first by their constitutional principle, that all men are equal and eligible for office; and second, by the vast numbers not only of negroes but of Chinese who are in the course of being incorporated in the body politic. Here, we should say, is a nut to crack. A negro born in the States, and consequently a natural

citizen, is politically eligible as a Senator or President, and at all events he is potential as a voter. So is the son of any of the Chinese, who are now crowding into California and adjoining parts on the Pacific slope. Heathens with an artistic aptitude rivaling that of Europe, who can live munificently on twopence a day, and whose religion consists in burning bits of perfumed paper before an idol in a joss-house, are pushing from their stools the descendants of Anglo-Saxons. That, according to our author, is what things are coming to. Rather hard, this, on our American friends!

The pinch, as we see, is colour. Across the Atlantic from the coast of Africa have been idiotically imported blacks, now numbered by millions. Across the Pacific from Canton and Hong-kong are pouring yellow Chinese in thousands, tens of thousands. No one can tell when or how this yellow deluge is to be stopped. In one sense, 'White Conquest' is a misnomer. Colour Conquest would seem to present a more correct aspect of affairs. We are not without a hope that the whites will get out of the scrape somehow. Yet, undeniably, Mr Dixon's book offers matter for very grave consideration.

It may not be generally known that certain native Indian tribes who had made some advance towards settled habits, Creeks, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Cherokees, possessed negro slaves like their white neighbours. The condition of these poor blacks, held in bondage by almost unmitigated barbarians, is described as having been frightful. 'To be a white man's thrall was bad enough; but on the worst plantation in Georgia and Alabama there were elements of tenderness and justice never to be found in the best of Cherokee camps. . . . In every Indian camp the squaws behaved in a harsher manner towards the negro than their brutal spouses; and instead of an Indian child acting as a check on cruelty, his presence often led to the slave being pinched and kicked, so that the young brave might learn to gloat over the sight of men in pain.' Emancipation put an end to these atrocities. The negroes held in bondage by the Indians were freed, but where to go or how to support themselves formed a difficult problem. Turned out of the Indian camps, ten thousand human beings were houseless and friendless. 'Where could they find shelter from the snow and rain? Without guns and ponies, how were they to follow deer and elk? They had no nets for taking fish, no snares for catching birds. . . . Brought up with squaws, they had the ways of squaws.' Some made their way to the white settlements. Others squatted at Caddo, an abandoned piece of ground, and there they formed a rude kind of community. They were not all black. The younger members of the community were a mixed breed, known as Zambos, descended from a negro father and an Indian mother. Living here in a miserable way on sufferance, they may be turned adrift at a day's notice, and they certainly merit compassion.

From an account of these poor people, Mr Dixon diverges into the theory of colour. 'While sauntering in and out, among the stores and yards at Caddo, we chance to kick an ant-hill, and disturb the small red warriors in their nest. Like all the South and West, this dry and sunny spot is rich in ants—red, black, and yellow ants—among them the variety known as Amazon ants. All ants appear to live in tribes and nations, under rules which never change. Like Indians they have their ranks and orders—patriarchal, military, servile; and, like Indians, they hold their property in a common lot. The patriarchs, set apart as fathers and mothers, live an easy life, and pass away when they have done their part. These chiefs among the ants are winged. They soar and pair, eat up the choicest food, and die with mandibles unstained by vulgar toil. Next in rank come the soldiers; ants with strong mandibles, but no wings. Lowest in order stand the serfs or bondmen. Food must be sought, and chambers bored; wherefore a majority of ants are serfs, and all these servile ants are squaws. No male ant ever earns his bread. Scorning to delve and spin, he asks his female architects to build his cell, and sends his female foragers to seek his food. These servile squaws, arrested in their growth, and having neither wings nor ovaries, are content to drudge and slave. But Amazon ants have souls above these ordinary squaws. The Amazons would rather fight than drudge, and, like all fighting creatures, they become the owners of such poor species as would rather drudge than die. A colony of black ants usually settles near a colony of red. Does Nature mean her duskier children to be seized and made to labour for the fairer kinds? The red ants hunt them down. A red ant is no bigger in body, no stronger in mandible, than a black ant; yet the Amazons always beat their duskier sisters and enslave their brood. Is this result a consequence of their coats being red? Who knows the mystery of colour?

The inference to be drawn from these remarks cannot bear any weight in a question which is purely of practical concern. How are the hordes of blacks to be got rid of? That is the point at issue. According to most authorities, perfect liberty is said to be not only unfavourable to their increase, but a cause of diminishing numbers. Our author speaks of infanticide, but there are other vices incidental to negro freedom which have a tendency towards extinction of race. Want of energetic foresight would in itself put the blacks at a serious disadvantage. For these and other reasons, it does not seem that the whites should be apprehensive of being ultimately submerged by their negro fellow-citizens. There is more to fear from the recent and quietly conducted yellow invasion. China, with its teeming population of four hundred millions, and situated next door to the attractions of California, could with ease stock the American continent from side to side with inhabitants, and leave plenty over for Great Britain,

where ship-loads of them may by-and-by—as a beginning—be expected. The probable consequences, in 'the graver aspects of the case,' says Mr Dixon, 'though seen by men of science, have never yet been faced by politicians. A thinker here and there has asked himself—How this invasion of barbarians will affect the European races in America? But he has shrunk appalled from his own query as the Yellow Spectre rose before his mind.'

We have not space to follow the author of *White Conquest* into his numerous details regarding the deluge of yellow heathens now fairly set in. It is enough to say that, under the fostering care of Chinese associations, the process of immigration appears to be efficiently managed. Settling down, the yellow intruders make excellent cooks, and outshine in the work of housemaids and laundresses. They are civil, do not drink, and are anxious to make themselves useful. By their saving habits and modest wants, they shew a degree of foresight far beyond that of Indian or negro races. We are told that John Chinaman 'will live and save where Pat must shrink and fall.' Those who came first 'were labourers, and their first rivals were navvies and hodmen. John drove these rivals off the field, doing more work at less cost, and pleasing his employers by his steady doings and silent ways. John builds the chapels, banks, hotels, and schools. No room is left for the unskilled Irish peasant, and the movement of Irish labourers towards this Slope has ceased.' The most surprising feature in the character of these Chinese is the quickness with which they pick up any trade. They have only to see a thing done to be able to do it. With this aptitude, and their willingness to work for wages greatly below what are demanded by white artificers, they have soon the field to themselves.

In illustration, Mr Dixon gives some amusing particulars concerning Yin Yung, a Chinaman, reckoned to be the best bootmaker in California. He came to the country wholly ignorant of the 'gentle craft,' but anxious to learn that or anything. One Aaron Isaacs, a Jew bootmaker, with no objections to cheap labour, gave him work, with directions what to do. Seeing how others worked, he soon was as clever at his trade as they were. Being able to instruct his countrymen, Yin Yung set up for himself, and now has a large business in the boot and shoe line. Of course, those whom he teaches swarm off to do the like, and so the trade is absorbed by Chinese. Isaacs, the original instructor, does not like to see this, but cannot suppress a fair rivalry. The account of a similar outcome in the watch-trade is quite as interesting. Paul Cornell, at the head of a watch-making company, engaged seventy hands from Chicago to help him in his business, money being advanced to pay the railway fares for themselves and their families. They were employed very much as a staff to instruct Chinese, but that they were not aware of. They remonstrated on seeing Chinese in the workrooms; they appealed to their trade-union. Cornell, sustained by Ralston, a banker, stood firm. A deputation waits on the great banker to try and move him. Ralston's reply was Napoleonic. He and other members of the company would hire Chinese or any other race of men if they saw it expedient. They would, if they liked, send for watchmakers from Switzer-

land. The company would not be dictated to. The Chicago artisans might leave if they felt inclined. The result of the interview was that the company employed the Chinese, into whose hands the watchmaking trade will finally drift. 'Here,' adds our author, 'as elsewhere in California, Oregon, and Nevada, the rice-eater is pushing the beef-eater to the wall.' And he will do the same thing in England, when he once gets a footing. There is no law to stop him. Trade guilds and unions can no more shut out Chinese workers than the husbandman on the prairies can avert the approach of destructive swarms of locusts which cover his lands six inches deep.

The worst thing about these yellow rice-eaters is that when left to themselves they are usually dirty in their habits, and live in dens little better than pigsties. In San Francisco, a wealthy Chinese, Lee Si Tut, has leased an old hotel with sixty rooms, and lets it out to eight hundred tenants. The rooms are divided by mats, and each division is fitted up with shelves, on which the inmates lie. Each man has his own shelf, but the landlord complains that his tenants cheat him by taking in lodgers, some of them subletting their shelves for ten or twelve hours. 'In some rooms, three sets of lodgers occupy the shelves each twenty-four hours—eight hours apiece.' So that in point of fact about fifteen hundred Chinese are accommodated in a single building. In England, we should know how to deal with this nuisance by a smart application of the Police and Public Health Acts.

In his very suggestive work, which it would be superfluous to recommend, Mr Dixon calls attention to one or two topics of quite as serious concern to Americans as the embarrassing number of negroes, and the ever-increasing hosts of yellow intruders. First, he notices the unhappily increasing disproportion of the sexes among the whites. In most parts of the country there is a comparative scarcity of women. According to the census of 1870, the excess of males over females in the United States and Territories was four hundred and sixty-nine thousand. The phenomenon is accounted for by the copious immigration of single men, or married men without their wives. The disproportion works mischievously. It is always a bad business when every man cannot be provided with a wife, and the right thing is to have a variety to choose from. Where there happens to be a scarcity of women, matters are not greatly mended when those who are so fortunate as to get wives find that they are not worth much. There is a prodigious deal done in the States to educate girls in the higher branches of knowledge—foreign languages, mathematics, and so on—what, however, signifies school learning for women, if they are physically incapable of fulfilling the proper destiny of their sex? We must quote the telling words of Mr Dixon: 'Catherine E. Beecher, an advocate for woman's freedom, has made inquiries into the physical health of American females, and the result is, that among her "immense circle of friends and acquaintance all over the Union, she is unable to recall so many as ten married ladies, in this century and country, who are perfectly sound, healthy, and vigorous." Passing beyond her own large circle, Catherine Beecher goes into twenty-six towns, and takes ten average cases in each town. Of two hundred and sixty ladies, only thirty-eight are found in a fair state of health.

Sixty other towns are tested, with a similar result. If these returns are good for anything (and they are quoted with approval by government officials), they prove that only one American woman in ten is physically fit for the sacred duties of wife and mother!

Pampering, a desiccating atmosphere, rooms overheated with stoves, and want of that healthy outdoor exercise in which English women rejoice irrespective of the weather, may partly account for this lamentable state of things. Anyway, there is something wrong, which school culture has not reached. 'Three years ago,' continues this observant writer, 'the Bureau of Education printed a paper on the *Vital Statistics of America*, which passed like an ice-bolt through the hearts of patriotic Americans. This paper shewed that the birth-rate is declining in America from year to year; not in one State only, but in every State. The decline is constant and universal; the same in Arkansas and Alabama as in Massachusetts and Connecticut, in Michigan and Indiana as in Pennsylvania and New York. . . . The birth-rate is admitted to be larger among the immigrants than among the natives; yet the average, thus increased by strangers, is lower than that of any country in Europe, not excepting the birth-rate of France in the worst days of Louis Napoleon.' What will be the end of this can easily be foreseen. If the States cease to be recruited by fresh European immigrants—and that seems likely—they must inevitably languish as a white community. 'Some of the ablest statisticians and physicians of Boston have come to the conclusion that the White race cannot live on the American soil.' Mr Dixon fixes on disproportion in the sexes for this result; but we venture to think that several other causes are equally, if not more concerned. There is an observable want of robustness in the physique in most of the native whites; and unfortunately, intellectual acuteness will not, in a national point of view, compensate for muscular deficiency. This fact has been well put by Captain Burton in his remarks on the degeneracy of certain races: 'The true tests of the physical prosperity of a race, and of its position in the world, are bodily strength, and the excess of births over deaths.' In these respects there would appear to be a shortcoming in the United States, but the subject is too delicate and difficult for our handling, and we resign it to physiological inquirers.

If it be really the case that the native white race is getting into a moribund condition, and that the blacks are also likely to perish, we can see no other probable consequence than that the yellow colour is destined to carry the day. May that day be long in coming. It would be worse for Europe, worse for everybody, if the whites in the United States, with their immense ingenuity and enterprise, sunk under a deluge of rice-eating Mongols.

Meanwhile, we prefer to take a cheerful view of the future. Things may not be so bad as they look. The world is, at anyrate, beneficently full of compensations. Our American friends no doubt derive some comfort from knowing that the plague of Mormonism seems likely to disappear. When Mr Dixon formerly visited the colony of Saints in Utah Valley, he found Polygamy in full swing. It is now, he tells us, getting out of repute, not from any absolute change of doctrine, but from an improved taste in female

attire. The railway is said to have done it all. So long as wives were content to be dressed in cheap calicos, like charwomen, their number in a household was financially a matter of indifference. The railway has revolutionised the female costume, by bringing ladies dressed in the height of fashion. Now, there is a furor of imitation, and husbands shrink from the expense of decorating several 'fine ladies.' A curious instance this of a moral reform being effected by an unwillingness to pay for millinery. Brigham Young with his large resources may bear the strain, but bills coming in of a thousand dollars apiece for lady after lady is what no ordinary Mormon can put up with. In short, Polygamy is discovered to be wrong, and such being a growing opinion at headquarters, we do not expect to hear much more of this American monstrosity.

W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLV.—OCEANWARDS.

ANOTHER day dawns over the great South Sea. As the golden orb shews above the crest of the central American Cordillera, its beams scatter wide over the Pacific, as a lamp raised aloft, flashing its light afar. Many degrees of longitude receive instant illumination, at once turning night into day. An observer looking west over that vast watery expanse, would see on its shining surface objects that gladdened not the eyes of Balboa. In his day, only the rude Indian *balsa*, or frail *periqua*, afraid to venture out, stole timidly along the shore; but now huge ships, with broad white sails, and at rare intervals the long black hull of a steamer, thick smoke vomited forth from her funnel, may be descried in an offing that extends to the horizon itself. Not always can these be seen; for the commerce of the Pacific is slight compared with that of the Atlantic, and large ships passing along the coast of Veragua are few and far between.

On this morning, however, one is observed, and only one; she not sailing coastwise, but standing out towards mid-ocean, as though she had just left the land.

As the ascending sun dispels the night darkness around her, she can be descried as a white fleck on the blue water, her spread sails seeming no bigger than the wings of a sea-gull. Still, through a telescope—supposing it in the hands of a seaman—she may be told to be a craft with polacca masts; moreover, that the sails on her mizzen are not square-set, but fore-and-aft, proclaiming her a barque. For she is one; and could the observer through his glass make out the lettering upon her stern, he would there read the name, *El Condor*. Were he transported aboard of her, unaware of what has happened, it would surprise him to find her decks deserted, not even a man at the wheel, though she is sailing with full canvas spread, even to studding-sails—no living thing seen anywhere, save two monstrous creatures covered with rust-coloured hair—mocking counterfeits of humanity! Equally astonished would he



be at finding her fore-castle abandoned; sailors' chests with the lids thrown open, and togs lying loose around them. Nor would it lessen his astonishment to glance into her galley, and there behold a black man sitting upon its bench, who does not so much as rise to receive him. Nor yet, descending her cabin stair, to see a table profusely spread, at either end a guest, alike uncourteous in keeping their seats, on the faces of both an expression of agonised despair. And all this might be seen on board the Chilian vessel, on the morning after abandonment by her traitorous and piratical crew.

A fearful night has it been for the three unfortunate men left in her, more especially the two constrained to sit at her cabin-table. For both have other thoughts, more bitter than confinement; enough to fill the cup of their anguish to the very brim. They did not yield unresistingly. Even the gentle skipper struggled, stormed, and threatened, till overpowered by brute force, and firmly bound. In like manner had Don Gregorio behaved, till resistance was of no avail; then, making appeal to the humanity only of his assailants, to find this alike idle. A dread hour that for the ex-haciendado. Not because of his treasure, the bulk of his fortune, borne off before his eyes; but from the double shriek which, at the instant, reached him from the deck, announcing the seizure of that more dear. Carmen and Inez were evidently made captive; and, from their cries suddenly ceasing, he dreaded something worse. Had they been stifled by death? Being reminded of an event in Yerba Buena, as also the recognition of the ruffian who taunted him, but made it the more probable that death had been their fate. He almost wished it; he would rather that, than a doom too horrible to think of.

The first-mate? He must have been killed too; butchered while endeavouring to defend them! The unsuspecting captain could not think of his chief-officer having gone against him; and how could Don Gregorio believe the man so recommended, turning traitor! While they are thus charitably judging him, they receive a crushing response. Just then, to their astonishment, they hear his voice among the mutineers; not in exostulation or opposed, but as if taking part with them! One, Striker, is calling out his name, to which he answers; and, soon after, other speeches from his lips sound clear through the cabin windows, open on that mild moonlit night. Still listening, as they gaze in one another's face with mute, painful surprise, they hear a dull thud against the ship's side—the stroke of a boat-hook as the pinnace is shoved off—then a rattle, as the oars commence working in the tholes, succeeded by the plash of the oar-blades in the water. After that, the regular 'dip-dip,' at length dying away, as the boat recedes, leaving the abandoned vessel silent as a graveyard in the mid-hour of night.

Seated with face towards the cuddy windows, Don Gregorio can see through them, and as the barque's bow rises on the swell, depressing her aft, he commands a view of the sea far astern.

There, upon the surface, he makes out a dark object moving away. It is a boat filled with forms, the oar-blades rising and falling in measured stroke,

flashing the phosphorescence on both sides. No wonder at his earnest look as he bends his eyes on that boat—a gaze of concentrated anguish! It contains all that is dear to him—bearing that all away, he knows not whither, to a fate which chills his very blood to reflect upon. He can trace the outlines of land beyond, and can perceive that the boat is being rowed for it, the barque at the same time sailing seaward, each instant widening the distance between them. But for a long while he can distinguish the black speck with luminous jets on either side, as the oar-blades intermittently rise and fall in the clear moonlight, till at length entering within the shadow of the land—a line of high cliffs—he loses sight of it.

'Gone! all gone!' groans the bereaved father, his beard drooping down to his breast, his countenance shewing he has surrendered up his soul to a despair hopeless as helpless! So, too, Lantanas, who has ceased struggling and shouting. Both are now alike convinced of the idleness of such demonstrations. The chief-officer a mutineer, so must all the others; and all have forsaken the ship. No; not all! There is one remains true, who is still on her—the black cook. They hear his voice, though not with any hope. It comes from a distant part in shouts and cries betokening distress. They need look for no help from him. He is either disabled, or, like themselves, securely bound. Throughout the night they hear it; the intervals between becoming longer, the voice fainter, till he also, yielding to despair, is silent.

As the morning sun shines in through the stern windows, Don Gregorio can see they are out of sight of land. Only sea and sky are visible to him; but neither to Lantanas, whose face is the other way; so fastened he cannot even turn his head. The barque is scudding before a breeze, which bears her still further into the great South Sea, on whose broad bosom she might beat for weeks, months, ay, till her timbers rot, without sighting ship, or being herself descried by human eye. Fearful thought—appalling prospect to those constrained to sit at her cabin table! With it in their minds, the morning light brings no joy. Instead, it but intensifies their misery. For they are now sure they have no chance of being rescued. They sit haggard in their chairs—for no sleep has visited the eyes of either—like men who have been all night long engaged in a drunken debauch. Alas! how different! The glasses of wine before them are no longer touched, the fruits untasted. Neither the bouquet of the one, nor the perfume of the other, has any attraction for them now. Either is as much beyond their reach, as if a thousand miles off, instead of on a six-foot table between them! Gazing in one another's faces, they at times fancy it a dream. They can scarcely bring themselves to realise such a situation; as who could? The rude intrusion of the ruffian crew—the rough handling they have had—the breaking open of the lockers—and the boxes of gold borne off—all seem the phantasmagoria of some fleeting but horrible vision!

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

The same sun that shines upon the abandoned barque lights up the crew that abandoned her, on the same spot where they have made landing. As the first rays fall over the cliff's crest, they shew a

cove of semicircular shape, backed by a beetling precipice. A ledge or dyke, sea-washed and weed-covered, trends across its entrance, with a gate-like opening in the centre, through which, at high tide, the sea sweeps in, though never quite up to the base of the cliff. Between this and the strand lies the elevated platform already spoken of, accessible from above by a sloping ravine, the bed of a stream running only when it rains. As said, it is only an acre or so in extent, and occupying the inner concavity of the semicircle. The beach is not visible from it, this concealed by the dry reef which runs across it as a chord. Only a small portion of it can be seen through the portal which admits the tidal flow. Beyond, stretches the open sea outside the surf, with the breakers more than a mile off.

Such is the topography of the place where the mutineers have made landing and passed the night. When the day dawns, but little is seen to betray their presence there. Only a man seated upon a stone, nodding as if asleep, at intervals awakening with a start, and grasping at a gun between his legs; soon letting it go, and again giving way to slumber, the effects of that drunken debauch kept up to a late hour of the night. He would be a poor sentinel were there need for vigilance. Seemingly, there is none. No enemy is near—no human being in sight; the only animate objects some sea-birds, that, winging their way along the face of the cliff, salute him with an occasional scream, as if incensed by his presence in a spot they deem sacred to themselves.

The sun fairly up, he rises to his feet, and walks towards the entrance of the larger cavern; then stopping in front of it, cries out:

'Inside there, shipmates! Sun's up—time to be stirring!'

Seeing him in motion, and hearing his hail, the gulls gather and swoop around his head in continuous screaming. In larger numbers, and with cries more strident, as his comrades come forth out of the cave, one after another, yawning, and stretching their arms.

The first, looking seaward, proposes to refresh himself by a plunge in the surf; and for this purpose starts toward the beach. The others, taken with the idea, follow in twos and threes, till in a string all are in motion. To reach the strand, it is necessary for them to pass through the gap in the transverse ledge, which the tide, now at ebb, enables them to do. He who leads, having gone through it, on getting a view of the shore outside, suddenly stops; as he does so, sending back a shout. It is a cry of surprise, followed by the startling announcement: 'The boat's gone!'

This should cause them apprehension, and would, if they but knew the consequences. Ignorant of these, they make light of it, one saying: 'Let her go, then! We want no boats now.'

'A horse would be more to our purpose,' suggests a second; 'or, for that matter, a dozen of them.'

'A dozen donkeys would do,' adds a third, accompanying his remark with a horse-laugh. 'It'll take about that many to pack our chattels.'

'What's become of the old pinnace, anyhow?' asks one in sober strain, as, having passed through the rock-portal, they stand scanning the strand. All remember the place where they landed, and left the boat. They see it is not there.

'Has any one made away with it?'

The question is asked, and instantly answered, several saying, no. Striker, the man who first missed it, vouchsafes the explanation.

'The return tide's taken it out, an', I dar say, it's broke to bits on them their breakers.'

All now remember that it was not properly moored, but left with painter loose; and do not wonder it went adrift. They care little, indeed nothing, and think of it no longer; but, stripping, plunge into the surf. After bathing to their hearts' content, they return to the cavern, and array themselves in garments befitting to the life they intend leading. Their tarry togs are cast off, to be altogether abandoned; for each has a suit of shore clothes, brought away from the barque.

Every one rigged out in his own peculiar style, they draw together to deliberate on a plan of future action. Breakfast has been already eaten; and now comes the matter of greatest moment—the partition of the spoils.

It is done in little time, and with no great trouble. The boxes are broken open, and the gold-dust measured out in a pannikin; a like number of measures apportioned to each, round and round.

In money value no one knows the exact amount of his share. Enough satisfaction to feel it is high as much as he can carry.

After each has appropriated his own, they commence packing up, and preparing for the inland journey. And now arises the question, what way are they to go? They have already resolved to strike for the city of Santiago; but in what order should they travel? Separate into several parties, or go all together? The former plan, proposed by Gomez, is supported by Padilla, Hernandez, and Velarde. Gomez gives his reason. Such a large number of pedestrians along roads where none save horsemen are ever seen, could not fail to excite curiosity. It might cause inconvenient questions to be asked them—perhaps lead to their being arrested, and taken before some village *alcalde*. If so, what story could they tell?

On the other hand, there will be the chance of coming across Indians; and as those on the Veraguas coast are ranked among the 'bravos'—having preserved their independence, and along with it their instinctive hostility to the whites—an encounter with them might be even more dangerous than with any *alcalde*. Struggling along in squads of two or three, they would run a risk of getting captured, or killed, and scalped—perhaps all three.

This is the suggestion of Harry Blew, Striker and Davis alone favouring his view. All the others go against it, Gomez ridiculing the idea of danger from red men; at the same time enlarging on that to be apprehended from white ones. As the majority have more reason to fear civilised man than the so-called savage, it ends in their deciding for separation. They can come together again in Santiago if they choose it; or not, should chance for good or ill so determine. They are all amply provided for playing an independent part in the drama of their future lives; and with this pleasant prospect, they may part company without a sigh of regret.

Ah! something yet: still another question to be determined. The female captives: how are they to be disposed of? They are still within the grotto, unseen, as the sail-cloth curtains it. Breakfast has been taken to them, which they have scarce touched; and the time has come for

deciding what has to be done with them. No one openly asks, or says a word upon the subject, though it is uppermost in the thoughts of all. It is a delicate question, and they are shy of broaching it. There is a sort of tacit impression, there will be difficulty about the appropriation of this portion of the spoils—an electricity in the air that foretells dispute and danger. All along it had been understood that two men laid claim to them; their claim, whether just or not, hitherto unquestioned, or, at all events, uncontested. These, Gomez and Hernandez. As they had been the original designers of the foul deed, now done, their confederates, rough men of a different stamp, little given to love-making, had either not thought about the women, or deemed their possession of secondary importance. But now, at the eleventh hour, it has become known that two others intend asserting a claim to them—one being Blew, the other Davis.

The mode of making their journey having been definitively settled, there is a short interregnum, during which most of those ready for the road stand idling, one or two still occupied in equipping themselves. La Crosse has been sent up the ravine, to report how things look inland. The four Spaniards have signified their intention to remain a little longer on the ground; while the three Englishmen have not said when they will leave. They are together conferring in low voice; but with an earnestness in their eyes, especially Blew's, which makes it easy to guess the subject. Only the theme of woman could kindle these fiery glances.

At length the dreaded interrogatory is put—and Gomez answers: 'They'll, of course, go with us—with Señor Hernandez and myself.'

'I don't see any of course about it,' says Blew. 'And more'n that, I tell ye they don't go with ye—leastwise, not so cheap as you think for.'

'What do you mean, Mr Blew?' demands the Spaniard, his eyes shewing anger, at the same time a certain uneasiness.

'No use your losin' temper, Gil Gomez. You ain't goin' to scare me. So you may as well keep cool. By doin' that, and listenin', you'll learn what I mean. The which is, that you and Hernandez have no more right to them creeturs in the cave than any o' the rest of us. Just as the gold, so ought it to be wi' the girls. In coorse, we can't divide them all round; but that's no reason why any two should take 'em, so long's any other two wants 'em as well. Now, I wants one o' them.'

'And I another!' puts in Davis.

'Yes,' continues Blew; 'and though I be a bit older than you, Mr Gomez, and not quite so pretentious a gentleman, I can like a pretty wench as well as yerself. I've took a fancy to the one wi' the tortoise-shell hair, an' an't goin' to gie her up in the slack way you seem to be wishin'.'

'Glad to hear it's the red one, Blew,' says Davis. 'As I'm for the black one, there's no rivalry between us. Her I mean to be mine—unless some better man hinders me.'

'Well,' interpolates Striker, 'as 'twas me first put the questyun, I s'pose I'll be allowed to gie an opeenyun!' No one saying nay, the ex-convict proceeds: 'As to any one hev'in' a speecial claim to them weemen, nobody has, an' nobody shed have. 'Bout that, Blew's right, an' so's Bill. An' since the thing's disputed, it oughter be settled in a fair an' square'—

'You needn't waste your breath,' interrupts Gomez, in a tone of determination. 'I admit no dispute in the matter. If these gentlemen insist, there's but one way of settlin'. First, however, I'll say a word to explain. One of these ladies is my sweetheart—was, before I ever saw any of you. Señor Hernandez here can say the same of the other. Nay, I may tell you more; they are pledged to us.'

'It's a lie!' cries Blew, confronting the slanderer, and looking him straight in the face. 'A lie, Gil Gomez, from the bottom o' your black heart!'

'Enough!' exclaims Gomez, now purple with rage. 'No man can give Frank Lara the lie, and live after.'

'Frank Lara, or whatever you may call yerself, I'll live long enough to see you under ground—or what's more like, hangin' wi' your throat in a halter. Don't make any mistake about me. I can shoot straight as you.'

'Avast ther!' shouts Striker to De Lara, seeing the latter about to draw a pistol. 'Keep yer hand off o' that wepun! If ther must be a fight, let it be a fair one. But, before it begin, Jack Striker has a word to say.'

While speaking, he has stepped between the two men, staying their encounter.

'Yes; let the fight be a fair one!' demand several voices, as the pirates come clustering around.

'Look here, shipmates!' continues Striker, still standing between the two angry men, and alternately eyeing them. 'What's the use o' spillin' blood about it—maybe killin' one the other? All for the sake o' a pair o' stoopid girls, or a kuppel o' pairs, as it be. Take my advice, an' settle the thing in a pacifical way. Maybe ye will, after ye've heerd what I intend proposin'; which I darsay 'll be satisfactory to all.'

'What is it, Jack?' asks one of the outsiders.

'First, then, I'm agoin' to make the observashun, that fightin' an't the way to get them weemen, whoever's fools enough to fight for 'em. Theer's somethin' to be done besides.'

'Explain yourself, old Sydney! What's to be done besides?'

'If the gals are goin' to be fought for, they've first got to be paid for.'

'How that?'

'How? What humbuggin' stuff askin' such a questyin! Han't we all equil shares in 'em? Coorse we have. Tharfor, them as wants 'em, must pay for 'em; an' they as wants 'em so bad as to do shootin' for 'em, surely won't object to that. Theer appear to be four candydates in the field; an', kewrousenuf, they're set in pairs, two for each one o' the girls. Now, 'ithout refarin' to any fightin' that's to be done—an', if they're fools enuf to fight, let 'em—I say that eyther who eeventually gits a gal, shed pay a considerashin' o' gold-dust all roun' to the rest o' us—at the least a pannikin apiece. That's what Jack Striker proposes first.'

'It's fair,' says Slush.

'Nothing more than our rights,' observes Tarry; the Dane and Dutchman also endorsing the proposal.

'I agree to it,' says Harry Blew.

'I also,' adds Davis.

De Lara—late Gomez—signifies his assent by a

disdainful nod, but without saying a word; Hernandez imitating the action. In fear of losing adherents, neither dares disapprove of it.

'What more have you to say, Jack?' asks Slush, recalling Striker's last words, which seemed to promise something else.

'Not much. Only that I think it a pity, after our livin' so long in harmony thegither, we can't part same way. Weemen's allers been a bother ever since I've knowd 'em. An', I sponse, it'll continue so to the end o' the chapter, an' the end o' some lives heer. I repeat, that it be a pity we shed hev to wind up wi' a quarrel wheer blood's bound to be spilt. Now, why can't it be settled 'thout that? I think I know of a way.'

'What way?'

'Leave it to the ladies theirselves. Gie them the chance o' who they'd like for a protector; same time lettin' 'em know they've got to choose 'tween one or tother. Let 'em take their pick, everybody unnerstandin' afterwards, theer's to be no quarrelin' or fightin'. That's our law in the Australyin bush, when we've cases o' this kind; an' every bushranger hes to bide by it. Why shedn't it be the same heer?'

'Why shouldn't it?' asks Slush. 'It's a good law—just and fair for all.'

'I consent to it,' says Blew, with apparent reluctance, as if doubtful of the result, yet satisfied to submit to the will of the majority. 'I mayent be neyther so young nor so good-lookin' as Mr Gomez,' he adds; 'I know I an't eyther. Still I'll take my chance. If she I lay claim to, pronounces against me, I promise to stand aside, and say neer another word—much less think o' fightin' for her. She can go 'long wi' him, an' my blessin' wi' both.'

'Bravo, Blew! You talk like a good un. Don't be afraid; we'll stand by you.'

This, from several of the outsiders.

'Comrades!' says Davis, 'I place myself in your hands. If my girl's against me, I'm willin to give her up, same as Blew.'

What about the other two? What answer will they make to the proposed peaceful compromise? All eyes are turned on them, awaiting it.

De Lara speaks first, his eyes flashing fire. Hitherto, he has been holding his anger in check; but now it breaks out, poured forth like lava from a burning mountain. '*Carajo!*' he cries. 'I've been listening a long time to talk—taking it too coolly. Idle talk, all of it; yours, Mr Striker, especially. What care we about your ways in the Australian bush. They won't hold good here, or with me. My style of settling disputes is this, or this.' He touches his pistol-butt; and then the hilt of a *macheté*, hanging by his side, adding: 'Mr Blew can have his choice.'

'All right!' retorts the ex-man-o'-war's-man. 'I'm good for a bout with either, and don't care a toss which. Pistols at six paces, or my cutlass against that straight blade of yours. Both if you like.'

'Both be it. That's best, and will make the end sure. Get ready, and quick; for as sure as I stand here, I intend fighting you!'

'Say you intend tryin'. I'm ready to give you the chance. You can begin soon's you feel disposed.'

Hernandez hangs back, as though he would rather decline the combat.

'No, Bill!' says Striker; 'one fight at a time. When Blew an' Gomez hev got through wi' theirs, then you can gie Hernandez his change—if so be he care to hev it.'

Hernandez appears gratified with Striker's speech, disregarding the innuendo. He had no thought it would come to this, and looks as if he would surrender up his sweetheart without striking a blow. He makes no rejoinder; but shrinks back cowed-like and craven.

'Yes; one fight at a time!' cry others, endorsing the *dictum* of Striker.

It is the demand of the majority, and the minority concedes it. All know it is to be a duel to the death. A glance at the antagonists—at their angry eyes, and determined attitudes—makes this sure. On that lonely shore one of the two will sleep his last sleep; it may be both.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—A DUEL ADJOURNED.

The combat, now declared inevitable, its preliminaries are speedily arranged. Under the circumstances, and between such adversaries, the punctilios of ceremony to be satisfied are slight; for theirs is the rough code of honour common to robbers of all countries and climes. No seconds are chosen, nor spoken of. All on the ground are to act as such; and at once proceed to business.

Some measure off the distance, stepping it between two stones. Others examine the pistols, to see that both are loaded with ball-cartridge, and carefully capped. The fight is to be with Colt's six-shooters, navy size. Each combatant chances to have one of this particular pattern. They are to commence firing at twelve paces, and if that be ineffectual, then close up, as either chooses. If neither fall to the shots, then to finish with the steel.

The captives inside the cave are ignorant of what is going on. Little dream they of the red tragedy soon to be enacted so near, or how much they themselves may be affected by its finale. It is indeed to them the chances of a contrasting destiny.

The duellists take stand by the stones, twelve paces apart. Blew having stripped off his pilot-cloth coat, is in his shirt sleeves. These rolled up to the elbow, expose ranges of tattooing, fouled anchors, stars, crescents, and sweethearts—a perfect medley of fore-castle souvenirs. They shew also muscles, lying along his arms like cording upon a ship's stay. Should the shots fail, those arms promise well for wielding the cutlass; and if his fingers clutch his antagonist's throat, the struggle will be a short one.

Still, no weak adversary will he meet in Francisco de Lara. He too has laid aside his outer garments—thrown off his scarlet cloak, and the heavy hat. He does not need stripping to the shirt-sleeves; his light *jaqueta* of velvet in no way encumbers him. Fitting like a glove, it displays arms of muscular strength, with a body in symmetrical correspondence.

A duel between two such gladiators might be painful, but for all, a fearfully interesting spectacle. Those about to witness it seem to think so; as they stand silent, with breath bated, and glances bent alternately on one and the other.

As it has been arranged that Striker is to give the signal, the ex-convict, standing centrally outside



the line of fire, is about to say a word that will set two men, mad as tigers, at one another—each with full resolve to fire, cut down, and kill.

There is a moment of intense stillness, like the lull which precedes a storm. Nothing heard save the tidal wash against the near strand, the boom of the distant breakers, and at intervals the shrill scream of a sea-bird.

The customary 'Ready' is forming on Striker's lips, to be followed by the 'Fire!—one—two—three!' No one of these words—not a syllable—is he permitted to speak. Before he can give utterance to the first, a cry comes down from the cliff, which arrests the attention of all; soon as understood, enchainning it.

It is La Crosse who sends it, shouting in accent of alarm: 'Monsieur Blew! Comrades! *We're on an island!*'

When the forest is on fire, or the savannah swept by flood, and their wild denizens flee to a spot uninvaded, the timid deer is safe beside the fierce wolf or treacherous cougar. In face of the common danger they will stand trembling together—the beasts of prey for the time gentle as their victims. So with human kind; a parallel being furnished by the pirate crew of the *Condor* and their captives.

The former, on hearing the cry of La Crosse, are at first only startled. Soon their surprise changes to apprehension; keen enough to stay the threatening fight, and indefinitely postpone it. For at the words 'We're on an island,' they are impressed with an instinctive sense of danger; and all, combatants as spectators, rush up the ravine, to the summit of the cliff, where La Crosse is still standing.

Arrived there, and casting their eyes inland, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. A strait, leagues in width, separates them from the mainland. Far too wide to be crossed by the strongest swimmer amongst them—too wide for them to be descried from the opposite side, even through a telescope! The island on which they have beached their boat is a mere strip of sea-washed rock, running parallel to the coast, cliff-bound, table-topped, sterile, treeless; and to all appearance, waterless!

As this last thought comes uppermost—along with the recollection that their boat is lost—what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, becomes a fixed fear. Still further intensified, when after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to end, they again come together, and each party delivers its report. No wood save some stunted bushes; no water—stream, pond, or spring; only that of the salt sea rippling around; no sign of animal life, except snakes, scorpions, and lizards, with the birds flying above—screaming as if in triumph at the intruders upon their domain being thus entrapped! For they are so, and clearly comprehend it. Most of them are men who have professionally followed the sea, and understand what it is to be 'castaways.' Some have had experience of it in their time, and need no reminding of its dangers. To a man, they feel their safety as much compromised as if the spot of earth under their feet, instead of being but three leagues from land, for such it seems, were three thousand; for that matter, in the middle of the Pacific itself! What would they not now give to be again on board the barque sent sailing thither to miserably sink?

Ah! their cruelty has come back upon them like a curse!

The interrupted duel—what of it? Nothing. It is not likely ever to be fought. Between the *ci-devant* combatants, mad anger and jealous rivalry may still remain. But neither shews it now; both subdued, in contemplation of the common peril, Blew apparently less affected than his antagonist. But all are frightened—awed by a combination of occurrences, that look as though an avenging angel had been sent to punish them for their crimes!

From that moment Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are safe in their midst as if promenading the streets of Cadiz, or flirting their fans at the successful matador. Safe, as far as being molested by the ruffians around them. Yet, alas! exposed to the danger overhanging all—death from starvation.

But surely some means will be discovered to escape from the island? Or, remaining upon it, a way to sustain life? Questions asked and hopes indulged in, that, as the days pass, prove delusive. Not a stick of timber out of which to construct a raft. Nothing for food, save reptiles on the land and shell-fish in the sea—these scarce, and difficult of collection. Now and then a bird, its flesh ill-favoured and rank. But the want above all—water! For days not a drop is obtained, till their throats feel as if on fire. Plenty of it around—too much. But it is as with Tantalus. The briny deep, they may touch, but not taste. It makes them mad to gaze on it; to drink of it would but madden them the more.

A fearful fate now threatens the crew of the *Condor*, in horror equalling that to which those left aboard of her have been consigned. Well may they deem it a retribution—that God's hand is upon them, meting out a punishment apportioned to their crime! But surely He will not permit the innocent to suffer with the guilty? Let us hope, pray, He will not.

#### BARTLEY'S KNOWLEDGE PAPERS.

WHILE engaged in diffusing such information on miscellaneous subjects as might help to strengthen the good resolutions and enlarge the intelligence of the less affluent, or, we might rather say, the less educated classes in the community, it has always afforded us pleasure to see others engaged in the same cause, and to wish them all possible success. The latest effort of this kind that merits approbation is that made by an association in London, designated the *Provident Knowledge Society*, whose professed object 'is to endeavour to make regular weekly saving a national habit, and so to increase the facilities for saving, that it shall be as easy for a man to put by a small sum, as it is now for him to spend that sum in beer or spirits.' A high aim, certainly, and one cannot but feel curious to know what will be the practical result. The Society appears to work in two ways. Through its honorary secretary and treasurer, G. C. T. Bartley (112 Brompton Road), it offers every assistance by letter or personal advice as regards 'forming schemes to encourage frugality;' and the same indefatigable secretary, with a devotion which we cannot but admire, has written and issued a series of penny manuals,

called the *Provident Knowledge Papers*, of which we desire to say a few words, for the purpose of making them perhaps better known than they happen to be.

Mr Bartley takes a new method in addressing the classes of persons for whom his papers are intended. He uses no sentiment; does not dwell abstractly on the value of saving; is not the least of a rhetorician. He is neither an essayist nor a platform orator, but goes to the point at once, by giving distinct directions what to do, and what to abstain from doing. Assuming that there is a prodigious want of knowledge on many plain but important matters of fact—and in this he is quite right—he takes up subject after subject, and tells all that needs be known about it. For example, a man in humble life has a vague notion that he would like to save some of his weekly earnings in order to secure a pension in his old age. But he does not know how to set about it. There is no one to put him on the right track, unless, perhaps, it be the minister of the parish or some good-natured neighbour, who will take a little trouble in the matter; and even, after all, the required information may be incomplete or not quite satisfactory. Well, here, for a single penny, the inquirer gets every particular he wants with official precision. He is told what can be done for eightpence a week. 'For that sum, paid from the age of nineteen to sixty, any man may obtain a pension of five shillings a week for the remainder of his life, on government security. For fourpence a week, paid during the same period, he may buy a pension of half-a-crown a week, and more or less in proportion. But it will be said, and justly, that as life is uncertain, it may be that a man beginning to put by at nineteen may never live to be sixty; what then becomes of all he has paid into the post-office? The answer is, It is paid to whomever he may direct. Thus, if he died at forty, about L35 would be returned; if he died at fifty, about L52 would be returned; and so on. The money may even be taken out during illness.'

So much for the first number of these papers. The second refers to Life Insurance, the various plans for effecting which are minutely explained with reference to the payment of a sum at death to survivors; in this, as in the preceding case, the forms of letters to be used in application being given. As a sort of supplement to these papers, the third paper consists of easy tables for calculating what a few pence a week will do. The fourth paper is on 'Penny Banks,' and how to start them in every village and manufactory; and the fifth refers to the setting up of Penny Banks in schools. Some good hints are casually offered as to teaching children to be thrifty. 'With this end in view, it is strongly urged upon the managers of elementary schools, and on all who really believe in the blessings which an extension of provident habits would secure, to lose no time in opening penny banks in all schools, and thus practically to help forward the cause of frugality and provi-

dence throughout the length and breadth of the land.' People need not be afraid of making children pennurious; the great thing is to teach them the value of money with a view to proper ends, instead of letting them squander it on the trash in which they are apt to indulge.

Passing over several papers on Savings-banks, and Interest and Security, we come to one eminently practical and useful regarding Pawnbrokers. The whole *mécanique* of pawnbroking is given, and terrible examples mentioned of the loss incurred by persons who seek to relieve domestic difficulties by a habitual recourse to the pawnshop. We would here just say, that we cannot join in any indiscriminate onslaught on the pawnbroking system. It no doubt often saves a family from misery; in numerous instances, it may save the desperate from falling into crime or the loss of character. At the same time, it encourages improvidence, and is a fatal resource, concerning which the heedless should be thoroughly made acquainted. The tract on this subject could hardly be too widely circulated in large towns. We may give a few of the explanations.

'For all loans of forty shillings and under, a fixed scale is made as follows: For any time during which the pledge remains in pawn, not exceeding one month, for every two shillings or fraction of two shillings, one halfpenny. For every month after the first, including the current month in which the pledge is redeemed, although that month is not expired, for every two shillings or fraction of two shillings lent, one halfpenny. For the pawn-ticket a fee has to be paid of one halfpenny, for a loan of ten shillings or under; and one penny if it be over ten shillings. The pawnbroker is entitled to take half the amount above stated for interest, if the pledge is redeemed within fourteen days.' These charges do not appear very high, but though they seem trifling, they in reality amount to enormous sums, and the interest is very great. For a loan of two shillings the interest and the cost of the pawn-ticket together make the charge for the month not less than at the rate of fifty per cent. per annum. Every subsequent month the interest is at the rate of twenty-five per cent. For loans under two shillings the charge is the same as for two shillings. The interest is, therefore, proportionally more. For a loan of one shilling, the charge for the first month is at the rate of one hundred per cent., and for subsequent months fifty per cent. For a loan of sixpence—and this is not an uncommon pawn on such things as flat-irons, saucepans, &c.—the cost for the first month is at the rate of two hundred per cent.; that is, the charges will swallow up the whole loan in less than a year.'

As to the extent of the pawnbroking system—'It is estimated that about two hundred and seven millions of pledges are taken out each year. If all were redeemed within the first month, and none of them exceeded two shillings in amount, the interest which the people pledging would be called upon to pay would amount to the enormous sum of eight hundred and sixty thousand pounds per annum. As a matter of fact, however, it seems probable that the average amount paid for each pledge is nearer

sixpence, if not above that sum. If this be so, for interest on money lent to the poorest persons in the kingdom, a sum of money is paid by them as interest to the pawnbrokers annually of upwards of five millions sterling! Advice offered: 'Every sensible man should give up visiting those houses with the sign of the Three Golden Balls, and with the aid of the savings-bank, or some penny bank, become his own pawnbroker.'

Our author does not seem to be aware that there may be a worse kind of pawning than that which is regulated by statutory enactment. Has he never heard of what, in Scotland, are called 'wee pawns'? They consist of obscure resorts of the marine-store-dealing order, where petty articles are purchased on the understanding that they will be bought back in a day or two. No tickets are given, and no books kept. The person so selling or pawning will sometimes pay as much as at the rate of a thousand, even two thousand per cent. per annum. For example, a smoothing-iron will be sold for twopence (wherewith to get a dram), and purchased back next day for threepence or fourpence. And so on with other articles—bedding, spoons, petticoats, &c. In virtue of local police acts, strenuous exertions are made in Edinburgh and some other cities, to stamp out these pestilent establishments. They are spreading, however, without challenge in the smaller country towns, where they cannot well be reached at common law, and afford a sorrowful proof of that want of frugality which it is the object of the Provident Knowledge Society to remedy.

One of Mr Bartley's later papers is addressed to female domestic servants, with advices as to dressing, and what can be done by a quarterly visit to the savings-banks. Another paper gives seasonable hints to governesses and clerks with regard to what may be accomplished by good management. We have seen nothing more rational or better adapted to the end in view than these various papers. The question, however, remains, will people read them? They, at all events, put the matter so clearly and simply that there is no longer an excuse on the ground of not knowing what to do to avert the possible ills arising from misexpenditure. The trouble thus taken to instruct and promote moral elevation by individual self-restraint, contrasts pleasingly with the wild dreams of those who look too exclusively for social regeneration to legislative enactment. On this latter point we might expatiate at some length, but shall content ourselves with a single reminiscence. We remember being told by the late Lord Murray (the friend of Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith), that 'in his young days, early in the present century, no man was considered a gentleman who entered the boxes of a theatre or a ballroom sober. To sustain his character as a gentleman, it was absolutely necessary for him, even in the estimation of ladies, to be to a certain extent tipsy. At that time the humbler were the sober classes, because they had not money to spend to any extent on drink. And now,' added his lordship, 'see what a change has taken place—among the refined, perfect sobriety; and drunkenness entirely confined to the least educated part of the community.' As this change has come about spontaneously, through the gradual improvement of manners and tastes—not by bills in parliament—we may reasonably hope that, by the like

quiet agencies, and diffusion of knowledge, the lower will in time emulate the higher classes of society. In this direction all Mr Bartley's papers significantly tend.

W. C.

## FLITTERMOUSE WELL.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE manuscript which I here transcribe came into my possession accidentally, and in a rather curious way; and as I think it may prove interesting to some readers of this *Journal*, I have copied it for publication. The manner in which I became possessed of it is simply as follows. Last autumn I hired a farm-house in an obscure part of the south coast for the shooting season. Dunmoor Manor, as it was called, was gloomy, dilapidated, and unprepossessing in appearance. It had been long untenanted; the people of the surrounding neighbourhood being, for some reason, prejudiced against the place. It suited my purpose, however. I had it comfortably furnished, and the bachelor friend who came down to share my quarters and my sport was pleased to approve of the antique aspect of the rooms, which I had left unviolated by the touch of any renovating hand. It was whilst H—— and I were examining the old-fashioned wainscoting of what I had made my smoking-room, that we discovered a recess in the wall, closed in by a clumsily sliding panel, from which we drew forth the document which is now in my possession. It was much discoloured, and covered with dust and cobwebs; and we could with difficulty decipher the cramped and faded handwriting; but the following is a correct transcript of its contents.

From a child, I was always imaginative. Darkness would suggest to me the strangest phantoms. The steep hillside which frowned upon my home seemed to me a mighty giant; the dark clouds, which swept across the heavens, fierce monsters. I delighted in creating fanciful shapes out of the gloamin, when, in long winter evenings, I sat in the deep window-seat, watching the swaying of the sycamore branches, and listening to the dreary sighing of the wind among the leaves. Perhaps the tendency was increased by the lonely life I led, and by the total lack of companionship with boys of my own age.

Mine was the old story of a craving for education, where education was out of the question. Every book that remained of my grandfather's library I had read again and again, poring each time with fresh excitement over the history of adventures, probable and improbable, therein contained. I had many opportunities of gratifying my morbid tastes, for my grandfather cared little how I passed my days. His life had been a more checkered one than I in my youth suspected, and was now drawing near its end; as far as any active business was concerned, it had ended. There remained to him now but to wait in patience by his fireside until the day should come when he should be called upon to lay aside his burden. As for my Aunt Barbara (the only other inmate of the house, save Deborah the old servant), her days were passed in one long sad retrospect; her eyes seemed ever to be looking far away into the past, her voice sounded muffled and low, and her step



was like the traditional ghostly footstep that haunts a deserted corridor. With such uncongenial companions, what wonder that I fell back upon my own resources.

My chief diversion was in wandering about the country; my best friend being the dreary hillside, a moonlight ramble my keenest enjoyment. Often at midnight, I used to creep out of the ivied casement of my little room, and roam up to the dark pine-woods, and along the crest of the hill, where the tufted juniper bushes crop out of the deserted chalk-pits, and in the daytime, the daws congregate and chatter to their young. If any of the household knew of these nocturnal excursions, they, at any rate, did not trouble themselves to put a stop to them.

This was my life from a child. In my earliest recollections my home was the gable-ended manor-house, fast falling into decay, flanked by the long lines of tall yew hedges, which darken the windows with their gloomy intensity. The sighing of the wind in the sycamore trees was the first sound that ever fell on my ears, and it is likely to fall on them on the day of my death. The seclusion of our existence may be better imagined when I mention that the nearest village was five miles distant, and that there was no proper road of communication between it and us. Fields and woods lie before the house, the hill rises behind it, and on the right the gray moors stretch out for about two miles, where they terminate abruptly in high cliffs, washed at the base by the restless waves of the sea. Strange to say, those cliffs, and the shore beneath them, though so near, were unknown ground to me. I was familiar with the hillside, and with the country for miles round, yet I never dared to venture near the sea. The reason for this circumstance it will take me some time to explain.

Years ago, in my early childhood, a race of men infested these shores who were the scourge of all the country round. They were called smugglers; but they were very different from the smugglers we hear of in these days, who now and then hide a keg or two of brandy, or a few bales of lace, in some secret nook along the coast. The smugglers of my grandfather's time much more resembled bandit robbers, only that their stronghold, instead of being the depth of the forest, was the open sea; for, not content with secreting contraband goods in the caves with which these cliffs abound, they made raids into the country, plundering the homesteads, and even pressing the farmers' sons into their service. As was natural, these aggressions stirred up the strongest and most bitter animosity in the hearts of the landmen; and many were the struggles which took place in those days upon cliff and shore, with varied result, and sometimes with loss of life on both sides.

My grandfather was a man capable of strong feelings of revenge. His farm had been plundered more than once, and all that he most valued carried away; and he vowed vengeance on the men who had despoiled him. Now it is that I come to the darkest page in his life. He had always been considered a harsh, stern man in his own household. It is reported that his wife pined away through ill-treatment, and of the three sons she had borne him, two had come to a bad end. The third lived at home for a time, and I believe my grandfather to have been, in his stern way, much attached to him. When still quite young,

however, this son offended him, by marrying otherwise than had been intended; and for about a year he and his young wife had a hard life of it. At the end of that time, the father and son came to an open rupture, and the latter fled, no one knew whither. When next he was heard of, it was as one of the smuggler gang.

My grandfather never got over the shock these tidings gave him. That his son, his only remaining son, should have joined the robbers and plunderers of his country, was more than he could bear. But if his heart was wounded, the old man's passions were roused. He would hear of no extenuating circumstances, he would not allow the possibility of his son's having been pressed into the smugglers' gang, or that his own harshness and severity had led to this end. 'Only let him land with his ill-gotten gains upon this coast,' he was heard to say, 'and he and his wretched associates shall know that there is vengeance in the land. He has chosen a smuggler's life—let him die a smuggler's death.'

Upon a certain night the smugglers came again to deposit their stores in the caves, and the landmen were there to meet them. Then ensued a combat between desperate men on both sides—men who had ceased to regard the laws of God or man on the one hand, and men rendered savage by the desecration of their homes and the loss of their property on the other. It was a wild and stormy night; but the fierce waves which dashed themselves against the shore were less turbulent than the fierce passions which raged in the hearts of the combatants. Many fell in the struggle; the precipitous cliffs found some victims; some were drowned, others wounded. My grandfather was in the thickest of the fight; and among the bodies identified was found that of his son Everard; a bullet had pierced his heart. They say that bullet was aimed by my grandfather, and that he knew at whom he was aiming! Heaven knows if this be true! I know only that Everard Roche was my father, and that my mother died in giving birth to me at the manor, after hearing the result of that night's work.

From that time, my grandfather is said to have grown more morose, more stern; and from that time also his prosperity deserted him. The farm was given up, and the farm buildings allowed to fall to ruins; one by one, the old man had to part with all the heirlooms long preserved (for our family dates back many generations). Yet he still continued to watch for the smugglers, and to plan further revenge upon them, until old age came upon him suddenly and unawares, and he became the helpless and infirm creature that I remember him.

As for me, an orphan and unloved, I grew up in that dreary household, as I have said, uncared for, yet treated with no harshness, and with only the one command laid upon me from my earliest years (and that under the threat of my grandfather's curse, if I disobeyed him)—namely, that I should never whilst he lived set my foot upon that shore where my father found his death. I was kept in ignorance of the reason for this prohibition for many years, but I obeyed it. Never once did my feet venture to the edge of Dunmoor Crag. The cliffs and the sea were alike unknown mysteries to me; I never rambled on the shore, I never bathed or waded in the waves.



Long ago, before my grandfather had ceased to pass beyond these tumble-down gateways, and when I was but a little child, I can remember going with him over the hill to Blackness Farm, where he would confabulate for hours with its tenant, Farmer Horwood; and as I stood by watching them, I used to see my grandfather point to where, in the distance, the gray rolling sea heaved angrily beyond the dark crag, whilst a fierce look, not pleasant to see, would come into his face. I did not understand the meaning of this; but from that time a growing fear and dread of the sea-shore became rooted in my heart, which perhaps I have never quite overcome.

Farmer Horwood was our nearest, almost our only neighbour. His farm lay at about two miles' distance from the manor, but as it was on the other side of the hill, the distance seemed greater than it really was. There was very little communication between the two houses, now that my grandfather was so infirm. Only occasionally the farmer, who joined with my grandfather in his hatred of the smugglers, would ride over on his way to the market-town of G—, and give the last tidings of our enemies. He would, I believe, have welcomed me to his house, had I been willing to go; but as a child I had acquired an unaccountable aversion to his daughter Janet. In the days when I went with my grandfather to Blackness, and Janet Horwood would invite me indoors, and give me cakes, or clotted cream, even these dainties failed to win me, and I shrank from her dark eyes as they rested upon me, and disliked the sound of her cold voice inviting me in. Yet the girl was respected by all who knew her, and had a reputation for piety. Twice every Sunday she rode to chapel on her father's brown cob. I have often heard her singing hymns over her work as she ordered her father's house, with her usual neatness and decorum.

Having entered into these long explanations, I may now resume my narrative.

I was about fourteen when the events which I am about to describe took place, events which had such effect upon my after-life. At this time, my mind, always imaginative, had arrived at a pitch of morbid sensibility difficult to describe. I continued to indulge my fancies in those midnight rambles which I have before alluded to, and they afforded me a strange kind of excitement and pleasure. Often on dark nights I would fancy that I saw weird, unearthly objects flitting among the pines, or groups of spectre horsemen scouring the plain. At times, I even gave chase to these imaginary phantoms, inspired with an insane desire to discover whether they were real or not. The moon gazing quietly down from the heavens often beheld me chasing these shadows. Human eye to see there was none.

Among all the haunts in which I delighted, the place with which was associated the greatest amount of excitement and interest was Flittermouse Well. Strange stories there were of a gray ghost haunting this well, and there was said to be a passage of communication between it and the caverned shore, where the smugglers had in time past taken refuge, or even found means of escape. It is an innocent-looking place enough in the daytime; at night, it is an ugly pitfall. Why it is called a well, as there is no water in it, I cannot

say, or who gave it the name it has borne ever since I remember it. A large willow tree overhangs it, and sometimes I held on to its gnarled roots, and peered down, fancying I could hear strange noises in its inmost recesses; but it was more than I dared to do to risk the descent. Flittermouse Well's depth was unknown to me, as, owing to the shadow of the tree, and the roots twining round its mouth, it was in perpetual darkness; but the pebbles I threw in sounded faintly, as, after a long pause, they reached the bottom; and by that I guessed that it was very deep. It must be nearly a mile from the shore, yet I used to think I heard the faint splash and murmur of waves, when I hung over it devising means of descent. Strange in my desire, I had pondered over ways of descending it till I was tired, and at last, in despair of ever succeeding, had discontinued my visits to it; when one night the circumstance I am about to relate attracted my attention to it again.

First, however, let me say a few words as to the position of the well. When you have climbed the hill from the manor, you turn to your right; before you, lies a pine-wood, and beyond it the large tract of waste land lying along the hill-top, and called by countrymen 'Ninety Acres.' This tract is bounded on one side by a wood, and on the edge of this wood, at the old willow, is Flittermouse Well.

I had escaped from my bedroom window as usual one night, and having clambered up the hill by the great chalk-pit, found myself over against the well. I was looking in that direction when I fancied I saw the glimmer of a light. It disappeared, however, so quickly that I almost doubted my own eyes, and to make sure, I walked straight across the moor towards the wood. I saw no more of the light, and had made up my mind that my eyes had deceived me, when, as I neared the edge of the wood, I saw distinctly a tall gray figure glide past me in the moonlight, and disappear in the shadow of the trees. This I felt assured was no fancy, so I spent some moments in the pursuit of the figure, but no further trace of it could I see. I then sprawled down at the brink of the well, and peered over its edge. All was as dark as usual, but I heard a rattling, as of displaced earth, and then a dull echoing sound, which grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away. I next groped with my hands all round the edge of the well, but found all as usual, and no signs of any disturbance. My easily excited brain now began to conjure up the wildest fancies. That I had seen the 'gray ghost,' I had not the smallest doubt, and at all hazards I determined to see the phantom again; but I was not destined to do so that night; and after anxious watching, I was obliged to return home.

Next morning, I rose early, and came once more to the well; but I saw only the willow branches waving over it as usual, and heard but the sighing of the wind as it shivered through the leaves. There were no footprints, no traces of any intruder. But that night my watching was rewarded. This time I was more cautious, and hid myself behind a juniper bush near the spot. Presently a light glimmered. Excitement nearly choked me, as, instead of disappearing as before, the well seemed illuminated, and faint rays streamed far and wide over the grass. Shadows also played over the willow

boughs—shadows thrown, as I deemed, by no earthly forms. At length I drew cautiously near; but ere I had reached the well's mouth, the light vanished, and again a gray figure passed me in the moonlight, and disappeared in the shadow of the wood.

After this, insatiable curiosity drew me each night towards this haunt. Sometimes I fancied I could descry two figures; sometimes, when I gazed down the well, rays of light shone from its inmost recesses, enabling me to see into its mysterious depths. I then saw that it was perilously deep, and that the bottom of it shelved down on one side to what appeared to be a passage. It was from this deep passage that the light seemed to shine. All these circumstances, and the absence of any trace of human interference, strengthened my belief in the supernatural tenants of Flittermouse Well.

I kept all my discoveries strictly to myself, and positively revelled in them. 'I will find out more yet,' I thought; 'I will brave the phantom, and compel it to disclose to me the mysteries of its existence.'

I can well recall myself to mind as I was then—a haggard wild-looking boy, pale and attenuated with keeping night-watches, when I should have been enjoying the healthy sleep of childhood, crouched down, as well as my awkwardly long limbs would allow, with my hands clasped round my knees, and my long black hair hanging over the ever vigilant eyes which kept guard over the secret of the well.

Time passed, and the monotonous life of our household at the manor went on much as usual, and my mind was ever full of the excitement of my nightly adventure. I remember noticing, however, about this time, that one or two yeomen from neighbouring homesteads came to the manor, and that on these visits my grandfather roused himself a little from his usual apathy; and after they were gone, he sat muttering half-incoherently, as he gazed into the red embers from his arm-chair by the hearth. After one of these visitors had come and gone, I was commissioned to carry a letter over the hill to Farmer Horwood. It was of importance, so my aunt informed me, and I was on no account to delay or loiter on the way.

When I arrived at Blackness, Janet Horwood was busy as usual in the kitchen; but this time she was not singing hymns, and her face, as she turned and saw me, wore a look which I had never seen on it before. It was a vindictive look, and one which sent an unpleasant chill to my heart. I explained my errand, which was to deliver the letter to the farmer himself; and instead of inviting me in, as was her custom, she left me standing at the door, and hurried away without a word. Her face was pale, and her lips compressed; and I was wondering whether she were ill, when she presently returned, and beckoned to me, still without speaking, to follow her. I followed, through the kitchen and along a dim white-washed passage, till we reached a musty room, where sat Farmer Horwood at his desk with pen and papers before him. I gave him the letter, and the message which accompanied it, and stood by whilst he read the former. When he had read it, he threw it down, and struck his fist violently on the desk. 'At last,' said he, 'those villains shall be served as they deserve! I have not forgotten the day when

this house was broken into, or when the two best horses in my stable were stolen, to furnish means of escape to the wretches, when hard pressed. Thank goodness, I am not too old or decrepit to have my share in their just punishment.'

He seemed to be speaking more to himself than to us; but I heard what he said, and so did Janet, for her face grew still paler, and she drew near her father and touched his arm.

'The smugglers! O father, there is not going to be another attack on them?' she cried in a tone of great alarm. 'Surely we have been avenged enough. They have been quiet lately.'

'Pshaw! nonsense,' said the farmer, rising hastily, on being reminded that he had spoken aloud; then, as Janet was about to speak again, he pushed her roughly to the door with a gesture of impatience. 'Peace, girl!' said he; 'what do women know of such things. You had better mind your own work.'

Thus summarily ejected, we found ourselves once more in the white-washed passage; when Janet took me by the arm, and gazing into my face with a glance full of scornful anger, she said in a low voice: 'Boy, beware how you meddle with other folks' matters! It leads to no good, and your fooleries may be the ruin of those worth more than you.' With a look that emphasised her words, she turned towards a dark staircase, leaving me to find my way out of the house as best I could.

#### MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH of making medical books there is no end, we do not remember to have seen hitherto any work treating of the physical wants of children which would serve as a popular handy-book on the subject, and be easily understood by mothers of the poorer class. At length has appeared a valuable treatise, by Dr Barker of Brighton, on the *Management of Children in Health and Disease*. Dr Barker's style of writing is at once concise and minute, his language simple, and arrangement clear. In the chapters on Diseases and Ailments, we may especially commend his various tables comparing the symptoms of complaints liable to be mistaken for each other, as of scarlatina and measles, inflammation of the lungs and bronchitis, chicken-pox and modified small-pox. In these tables are set down the minute points of distinction between the disorders severally, a knowledge of which would often relieve much anxiety, and spare the sufferer the infliction of wrong treatment.

It is worth while to regard for a moment, in wonder, the fanciful treatment undergone at this day by the children of those who belong to an enlightened order. Mrs Buckton, in her interesting lectures on Health, delivered at Leeds, can tell us how babies are dosed with castor-oil, or stuffed with sugar and butter, before they are a day old; how they have the bones of the head pressed, in order to improve the shape; how their scalps are left unwashed, lest the water should run through to the brain, and smothered in wraps at night, from fear of cold; how their bodies are bandaged into wrinkles, their arms not seldom put out of joint by being dragged, and their hips

sometimes painfully diseased from their being put down on damp and cold places. At a year old, such an infant will breakfast on bacon and raspberry tea, and dine on bread and butter, or potatoes washed down by a sup of gin. Knowing these things, we need not wonder that nearly half the number of deaths in the kingdom are those of children under five years of age, or that for every rich man's child that dies, poor men lose three.

Beginning, then, at the first age of man in the nurse's arms, our author gives plain directions for handling and washing an infant; warning mothers against the use of cold bathing as a means of hardening delicate children, and telling them, what they do not commonly know, that sea-water is as powerful an agent in producing colds as fresh water. He tells them, too, that their children are often too slenderly clad, save about the head, which alone should be cool, and covered with the lightest gear unburdened by a particle of lining. Woollen socks with wash-leather pads should be substituted for the cold comfort of cotton socks and morocco shoes, and generally a little more care than is usually bestowed on children's boots and shoes would save many an ache and pain. Respecting food, the following small points are worth noting by mothers and nurses. An infant should not be thought to want food whenever it cries; it should not be allowed to suck its fingers or an empty bottle, for the saliva thereby promoted, finding its way into the stomach, causes positive ailments, besides blunting the sense of hunger for proper food; a spoon should not take the place of the bottle, the act of sucking, like mastication, being the first step in the digestion of food; meat is unnecessary, and even prejudicial to an infant before the appearance of its teeth; sugar, on which West Indian babies grow plump and sleek, ought to be given in puddings, but the currants in buns must, alas! be classed among forbidden fruit.

For children, a wine-glassful of good beer at dinner will often stimulate a flagging appetite, though Dr Barker thinks it a mistake to suppose that any kind of beer contains a single grain of true nourishment. This portion of the book is closed by a long list of children's Foods, with an account of their composition, and detailed particulars of their preparation for use. Then the young mother is advised to put her child to bed without nursing or rocking, and to lay it as much on one side as the other; as she values its life, to eschew all such abominations as composing-powders and soothing syrups, those 'charms of powerful trouble'; not to carry it on the same arm, or lead it on the same side always; to guard against its exposure to east wind; and to forbid her growing girls to lie on their backs for long periods—a practice hurtful to muscle and bone. Then follows a chapter on Exercise and Amusements, in which something new—almost startling—is boldly advanced. Toy whips should be withheld, Dr Barker thinks, as being suggestive of cruelty; and certain old favourites, such as leap-frog, giant-strides, and paper-chases, are pronounced to be decidedly dangerous amusements. Rink-skating is described as one of the most healthful and useful of all recreative activities for men, women, and children, invigorating the body, stimulating the mind, and strengthening the intellect. It wards

off consumption, improves the figure, and does good in every way. Our girls are recommended, too, to carry bags of beans, sand, or pebbles, poised on the head, in order to become upright and graceful, and not to let the tyranny of custom preclude them from their brothers' games of quoits, bowls, tennis, or cricket. Home gymnastics, or a mere hand-swing suspended from the ceiling, will prove an effectual remedy against narrow chests and crooked spines.

From recreation, our author now passes to Education, not unmindful, as Robert Burton puts it, that 'if a man escape a bad nurse he may be undone by evil bringing-up.' Cheap boarding-schools are a delusion, good nourishment being incompatible with low fees; and ladies' schools for boys if tutored by men ought to be avoided. Dr Barker has extraordinary views on the uselessness of teaching boys the dead languages, the acquisition of which, he thinks, 'not seldom leaves a man something of a savage, with many fine qualities repressed probably, and the mental powers groove-like and contracted.' But here we must express our dissent from such wholesale condemnation of classical teaching, for to withhold from young folks a knowledge of that splendid literature in its own tongue, 'from which,' says Macaulay, 'has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the western world,' would often be the means of nipping in the bud a love of letters, which might blossom into much usefulness and pleasure in after-life. For a certain period, the aim of the teacher should be to enlarge and enrich the mind of the pupil, without having too much in view the particular career for which the boy may be destined, and 'since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life,' to invite him to mental exercise on works which are the storehouses of every modern creation of the intellect.

There is much sense in the doctor's remarks on the fallacious cravings after 'the professions,' whose followers too often find nothing but ignominious poverty therein; and on the unconsidered choice of occupations by parents, who, as a rule, never consider their sons' physical fitness for habits of life inseparable from certain callings. With the passages, original and quoted, on the education of girls, we can in a measure agree. 'The system as it now exists is evidently faulty, in seeming to consider only the *youth* of woman, and aiming at embellishing her first few years—themselves full of beauty and grace—instead of giving her resources that will endure as long as life, and render her dignified and useful; the mind is ill trained, ill regulated, and neglected, regardless of riper age, and leaving it weak, purposeless, a miserable prey to idleness and insignificance, as if, when no longer young, and her short-lived bloom of beauty is over, she should cease to exist, or expect regard. . . . Girls are trained too much with reference to present display of their acquirements in a drawing or ball room, and merely for society and marriage.' Most true, we fear, is all this, and we would ask the mothers who thus train their daughters, if marriage be the only worthy aim of woman's life, why is she not systematically taught the simple things that a mistress of a household ought to know, such as the management of servants, and the care of children, the use of common medicines and the art of nursing, and the little ways and means that tend to comfort and



economy? Without having in view the prospect of domestic service themselves, our young ladies would surely prove all the better mistresses if they were taught the practical duties of servants: such as, for instance, how to manage a baby, make a bed, clean a room, and serve up a dinner. Great, we believe, would be the physical and moral gain to be derived from such training, which would not be devoid of interest, and even amusement. It would indeed be well that our wives should have had, when young, some teaching which would enable them to look well to the ways of their households.

The remaining half of Dr Barker's book, which is taken up with the consideration and treatment of the ills that children's flesh is heir to, is especially well done. Here are pointed out the earliest indications of disease, the right application of household remedies as a preliminary measure in the doctor's absence, and some hints on nursing sick children, which should not be slighted as trifling. There are hints upon the nurse's dress, which should neither be of rustling silk nor severely plain; the habit of keeping memoranda for the doctor's information; the dislike which sick children have to be stared at; the necessity of quiet during their meals; the worry occasioned by whispering and walking on tiptoe; the prevalent error that the sufferer must have warmth even at the sacrifice of pure air; the alarm which is inconsiderately created in children's minds by 'ambiguous giving out' about the doctor—all which points should be set down in the tablets of those to whom they are new. The list of household remedies comprises well-known compounds, refreshing drinks, poultices, and baths, for the preparation of which the author gives clear directions. We note the following: offensive medicines may easily be administered by first deadening the child's taste with a piece of cheese or alum, or by placing a powder between layers of bread and milk, in a spoon; and castor-oil may even be made a delight, if beaten up with an egg, heated, and, when cold, served with sugar, currant-jelly, or lemon-juice; the edges of a poultice should always be suffered to stick closely to the skin; a stocking-leg loosely filled with dry bran, steamed over a fire, or dipped into boiling water, forms a good poultice for neck or throat; in bathing, very young children should not be subjected to the extremes of temperature; to prevent infection spreading through a house, sheets or blankets constantly moistened with disinfecting fluid should be suspended across doorways and passages leading to the sick-room; and lastly, fresh air is the only reliable purifier of a close room, fumigants and deodorants only hiding the evil they are meant to oust. The more dangerous diseases of childhood, such as scarlatina, measles, &c., are considered at length, and their several symptoms closely indicated in tables of comparison, where mistake is possible; the precautions to be taken in battling with the complaint, on which success depends more than on medication, and the duties to be observed during convalescence, being laid down with exactness. On the subject of infection—which has been lately noticed in this *Journal*—Dr Barker lifts up his voice against the wrong-doing of all persons who neglect to stay the spread of disorder. The premature removal of patients in public conveyances, second-hand

clothes, and furniture auctions, the out-patient department of hospitals, the distribution of alms by the charitable at their own doors, the servants' washing, which, when not sent to the family laundress, is dried and got up in a little stuffy room occupied day and night by a poor woman and her numerous brood; the garments sold at large tailoring establishments, and made by seamstresses, whom sharp misery renders an easy prey to disease—all such are some of the hot-beds from which sprout a goodly crop of ills to man.

The subjects of commoner ailments, emergencies and accidents, accompanied by plainly worded prescriptions and recipes, are treated with the carefulness and liberality of thought which characterise the entire book. For Dr Barker, be it understood, is nothing if not liberal, and whilst free from any particular crotchets, with pure air for his chief specific, he often seeks to impress upon us the truth, that there is a wisdom in natural treatment beyond the rules of physic, and that no 'royal roads' have yet been made leading to the cure of diseases. To mothers in every class, to the wives of emigrants and others abroad, and to the visitors of our poor at home, to all to whom children are a care and delight, we would commend this book.

#### WINTER'S HOPE.

THE Autumn days are gone—all flown;  
The yellowing leaves from off the trees  
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan  
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The cumbered earth bears far and near  
Those saddening signs of Autumn's death;  
And leafless forests, moist and drear,  
Oppress us with their chilly breath.

But let us look around once more—  
Is there no beam to cheer our sight?  
No rift in these dark clouds? Ah! sure,  
We are not left without some light?

No; 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,  
See, from yon hill the red sun rise,  
Illuming with his cheering rays  
The earth that all so darkly lies.

And in deserted hedgerow springs  
The hawthorn berry, brave and bright;  
While perched atop the robin sings  
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to autumn hours,  
And all may chill and dreary seem,  
But even then we'll find some flowers,  
And often then some joyous beam.

Repine not, therefore, that thy youth  
And manhood's prime so swiftly flee;  
Lo! with advance of years come truth,  
New light, new hope, calm joys for thee.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.